

and falling into glowing heaps of embers here and there on the camp ground. The day was bright and beautiful; not a cloud dimmed the sky above. But a gloomy thoughtfulness shadowed the faces of the people. "In all the bustle of preparation there was a silence and stillness of voice which betrayed the sadness of heart." When at last the signal was given to start, Going Snake, a white haired chief of four score years, mounted on his faithful pony, took the place at the head of the column followed by a cavalcade of younger men. Just as the procession was on the point of being set in motion a clap of thunder smote the stillness and a dark spiral cloud was seen rising above the western horizon. Peal after peal rent the air and reverberated among the mountain peaks like the voice of some mighty offended diety, while overhead the sun still shone in an unclouded sky. Not a drop of rain fell. The cloud presently disappeared and the thunder died away in the distance, but the scene was not one to be easily forgotten by the superstitious Indians, always keenly alive to natural phenomena to which they often attached supernatural significance. Was it the voice of divine indignation against the wrongs already suffered or the warning of some greater calamity awaiting them in the future?

In consequence of sickness which still prevailed in the camps and the drought which rendered travel distressing beyond description General Scott called a halt and ordered emigration suspended for several weeks. It was not until some weeks later that the last